SUNDAY, JULY 21, 1907.

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Published by the Sun Printing and Publishin Association at 170 Nassau street, in the Borough o Manhattan, New York. President and Treasurer of the Association, William M. Laffan, 170 Nassau street: Secretary of the Association, Franklin

Paris office 32 Rue Louis le Grand. The daily and Sunday editions are on sale at Klosque 12, near the Grand Hotel: Klosque 77, Boulevard des Capucines, corner Place de l'Opéra, and Klosque 19, Boulevard des Italiens, corner Rue Louis le Grand.

If our friends who favor us with manuscripts publication wish to have rejected articles returned they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose

Better Make Way Quietly for Uncle Sam.

The rights and immunities and prerogatives of the North Carolina courts are perfectly safe in the hands of the Federal judiciary. It may be affirmed without exaggeration that State rights of all sorts are a good deal safer in that quarter, to be passed up for exact and impartial determination by the nation's surely any Southerner born and bred. highest tribunal, than they can possibly be in the hands of the most gallant and resolute militia.

The Supreme Court of the United States is the only arena in which con- to the contact and the associations inevflicting ideas about jurisdiction are in these days to be tested.

While our nation continues to be a nation the processes of the Federal courts will continue to run in North Carolina and elsewhere; and whenever any doubt arises as to the proper application of Federal law the sole place for the ascertainment of State rights and State wrongs is beneath the expanded wings of the eagle in the old Senate chamber in the Capitol at Washington.

Seein' Things.

When one has the demeanor and gen eral temperament of a middle aged Skye terrier, this hot weather is apt to disturb the imagination. The ordinary Governmental routine of sending out official reports for publication several days in advance, to be released in print at a particular time, looks like a conspiracy of the city dog catchers. A demand that one conform to the rules and regulations established by the Government for the Yale-Harvard racecourse is regarded as suspiciously as though a hostile approach threatened one's pet bone. A general public clamor over one's misdeeds is not in the least the fault of the misdoer, but is the result of a worldwide conspiracy to tie a tin can to one's tail. A mere directors' meeting is a battle to be entered into with a full array of aggressive friends, all growling with threats as to what will happen if some business is transacted which has not been contemplated at all. The refusal of the investing public to boost the price of one's stock in a frantic effort to stimulate the sale of one's bonds is the result of a conspiracy of the entire world to make one miserable

We are not sufficiently versed in caninmateria medica to know how to prescribe: but certainly human beings similarly afflicted make no mistake in keeping away for the time from the heat and the hustle of the stock market, by taking long automobile rides in the cool of the evening, by reading philosophical literature during the heat of the day in some shady place, by abstaining altogether from the study of the newspapers. and by adhering as closely as possible to a fruit and vegetable diet, drinking nothing but pure lemon juice.

Civil Service and the South. Priceless are the uses of enthusiasm

and incalculable is its combination with adolescence. The Hon. JOHN McIL-HENNY, one time Rough Rider on the blood soaked field of Kettle Hill and now Civil Service Commissioner at Washington, with Tennis Cabinet duties on the side, has just returned from a tour of the Southern States and reports success all along the line. His reputed mission was to reawaken interest in the three legged department stool as a means of reaching fame and opulence. For some time this interest has been waning. The youth of the South have exhibited an aimost callous indifference to Government positions of the character that can be obtained through Mr. McILHENNY'S commission. They have not seemed to care for the approval of the examining board or to set particular value on the rewards supposed to attach to eminence as indicated by the eligible list. So it has happened that what they call "the South's quota" of Federal emolument was left upon the stem unplucked and Commissioner McIlhenny hastened forth to learn the reason why.

One of the semi-official bulletins from Washington which a grateful people have learned to cherish so affectionately now assures us that all misunderstandings have been swept away. Commissioner "JCILHENNY has visited the Southern States, excepting Florida. He has delivered lectures before teachers' associations, before benevolent societies and other moral and intellectual bodies; he has interviewed superintendents of public education, college professors and members of the learned professions generally. We are led to understand that he found the greatest encouragement everywhere. The heads of public schools, to say nothing of college presidents and other persons in high authority, are said to have promised a zealous cooperation. That is to say, they will arrange courses in order to prepare talent for the civil service examinations. There is nothing to show that Mr. McILHENNY has spurred the Southern youth to greater anxiety in the premises. That will come later, no doubt. What Mr. WILKINS MICAW-BER would have called a spring of no ordinary magnitude has been achieved

in paving the way for it. The rest will follow logically. When

young Southern men and women find that their schools, academies and colleges at home are ready to train them for excellence in the Government service, from scrub ladies, sweeps, hostlers, wrappers, &c., up through the intermediate grades of copying clerks and the like to the dizzy eminences occupied by stenographers, accountants, draughtsmen, translators, photographers and so on-when they once absorb this halcyon information the rush will set in, the army of applicants will be recruited and the neglected "Southern quota" will become an object of riotous competition. Or words to that effect. Meanwhile, there are two reasons for

the apathy which has moved Com-

service. The South is in the full swing

of commercial and industrial develop-

ment. New and great enterprises are

launched there every day, established

enterprises are expanding at an equal

rate. There is need of all the energy,

intelligence and talent the section can

supply, and large rewards for those who

come to supply it. This condition ac-

counts for the indifference that has

aroused Mr. McILHENNY's solicitude. It

ther in the path of explanation. And

as Mr. MCILHENNY is, should under-

stand his own people well enough to

know without having it told him that only

the most abject want can reconcile them

itably involved in the civil service career.

The race question may or may not be

purely academic at the North. Only

very thoughtless persons imagine that it

is less than paramount and vital at the

South. Fair minded and well informed

Southern people do not declaim against

the rapidly increasing infusion of the

negro into the Government service.

They perceive with complacency the

gradual monopoly by colored men of

such Federal occupations as that of letter

carrier and railway mail clerk; they see

them invading the post office and the

Federal service, not only at Washington

but in their own part of the country;

why then should it surprise any one,

especially a Southerner, to find that they

are abandoning a rivalry in which suc-

cess must be even more distasteful than

Just what kind of aspiration actuates

the college presidents and other educa-

tors who propose to adjust their curricu-

lums to the standards of the civil service

examining boards we should really like

to know, if only to gratify an idle curi-

osity. For the rest, there is no peg to

The Country Proud of Them.

as death has taken from the roll of the

Georgia's complement need not fear for

the prowess of its navy in the ordeal and

Lieutenant CASPAR GOODRICH, dving

from his injuries, asks that the surgeons

give their attention first to Seaman

MALECK. "He is worse injured," says

the heroic GOODRICH-truly the spirit

of NELSON, the great Admiral, burned

spasms this young officer would inquire:

How many hits did our turret make?

It eased his pain when they told him that

GEORGE MILLER, 18 years old, a run-

away from home, where he was BENJA-

MIN KRIEGER, a boy who could not keep

out of the navy, son of a teamster, and

with no advantage of education or pride

of family to inspire him, saves many of

his comrades and loses his own life by

stopping to close the breech of the freshly

loaded port gun: "One of the coolest

and bravest acts I have ever heard of,

says Captain McCREA. Ordinary sea-

man KRIEGER alias MILLER, but a soul

of fire and a heart without fear. A mon-

ument should bear witness to this home

Midshipman JOHN THOMAS CRUSE.

terribly burned by the explosion and

suffering from shock-he has since ex-

pired after showing great fortitude and

making a stubborn fight for life-takes

charge of a rescuing party and tells his

Heroes all of them, proud of the flag,

devoted to the service, stanch comrade

and types of the men who would figh

our ships if war could not be avoided.

Taps for such brave young souls may

have a strain of sadness in it, but the

afterthought is one of elation. The

country dwells with gratitude upon the

memory of the officers and men who

have been claimed by death at their posts

of duty. To the American Navy their

The Birds at Sagamore Hill.

at Sagamore Hill with the President of the

United States. He tells about it in an ar-

ticle in the Outlook. A fair summary of

the narration shows that Mr. ROOSEVELT

possesses about as much knowledge as an

ordinarily observant person acquires, as

a summer resident of the country, con-

cerning the birds and animals which

frequent the fields and woods in the

vicinity. There is nothing surprising or

wonderful in his ability to identify and

distinguish varieties or species, nor does

the accuracy of his observations strike

the reader as in any wise remarkable.

Indeed, the tone of flattery and the dis-

position to make much of little things

are so manifest in this paper by Mr. Bur-

ROUGHS that the President himself must

feel a little ashamed of his friend's ten-

Surely it does not betoken the great

naturalist merely to be able to identify

a chewink or a catbird or a yellow billed

cuckoo on Long Island. We know scores

of children who are capable of achieving

this feat in natural history. Just listen

to this: As Mr. BURROUGHS and JOHN

LEWIS CHILDS and the President were

strolling about, Mr. BURROUGHS thought

he detected the voice of the white eved

vireo. He says: "As I moved along, with

the thought of this bird in mind, and its

dency to magnify the insignificant.

JOHN BURROUGHS recently spent a day

example will be a fresh inspiration.

less boy's gallantry.

men not to think of him.

in nine shots nine hits had been scored.

A nation that possesses such sailors

failure?

hang a doubt on.

calls like a cat! Then the President "led us to a little pond in the midst of the forest where the night heron sometimes nested. * * As we reached the spot the cry of the missioner McIlhenny to undertake this heron was heard over the treetops.' campaign of remonstrance. In the first We dare say the cry of the common place. Southern men and women above American crow, Corvus americanus, could the dead level of incurable mediocrity have been heard by these three Sherfind much more desirable opportunities lock Holmeses in natural history on this celebrated walk, if there are any and much more congenial occupation cornfields near Sagamore Hill. in private life than in the Government

it in the old days near Washington, I

fancied I caught its note in a dense.

listen. 'A catbird,' said the President,

and so we all agreed!" A startling

event, and worthy of record and pres-

ervation in the annals of history! Fur-

thermore, it is written: "We saw and

heard a chewink. 'Out West the che-

wink calls like a catbird,' said the Presi-

dent."

We wonder somebody did not

bushy place below us. We paused to

We had almost omitted to mention that the President called our attention to a highhole's nest in a cavity of an old apple tree." This we suppose is an example of what Mr. BURROUGHS at the beginning of his article calls the President's "keenness and enthusiasm as a student of animal life and his extraordinary powers of observation," which this naturalist takes pains to distinguish from the "sentimentalism that inspires the founding of hospitals for sick cats."

is not really necessary to go a step fur-A farmer's boy would deserve spanking who claimed any particular credit for pointing out a highhole's nest; and a real lover of animals would not ridicule those who prefer to show kindness even to sick

Bax on Togs. When the modern man is accused of slavish conformity" in the matter of dress he may perhaps feel a twinge of conscience. When he is told that "nonconformity in this respect often involves serious moral discipline" he may inwardly admit the truth of the statement. He will probably allow that "the dislike of the average man to appear singular in dress is usually unconquerable." Nor is he likely to maintain that the contemporary style of male costume is passing beautiful. In short, his attire lavs him open to the two charges of lacking inlependence and of neglecting art.

The modern man has lately been thus arraigned by an English writer of some note, Mr. ERNEST BELFORT BAX, the partner once upon a time of WILLIAM MORRIS in founding the Socialist League and in editing its picturesque organ, the Commonweal. Nor is Mr. Bax merely critical. He goes on to preach what he describes as "the cult of eccentricity in dress." "MILL," he says, "pleaded for permission to be singular. What is wanted now is an insistence on the duty of being singular, on the social obligation incumbent on every right minded person

to dress differently from other people." Mr. Bax gives two reasons for the preaching that is in him. "He who can determinedly break the conventions of dress shows evidence of being capable of great things in other directions. Such is his first or moral plea. "Moreover," he adds, and this is his other reason, "you cannot have beauty without breaking the conventions." If the conventions are once destroyed, he is convinced, beauty will result. "Out of the chaos must inevitably emerge in

From an artist, an individualist or an aristocrat this sermon might plausibly proceed. Coming from a Socialist it would excite more surprise were consistency a common quality of that sect. One frequent socialistic trait may be noted in it. however-a somewhat indequate attention to history.

Mr. Bax is surely a careless student of the past when he assumes that eccentricity of coetume will "inevitably" lead to "the cosmos of asthetic taste as standard." Has Mr. Bax ever cast his eye over an illustrated treatise on costume? And he surely disregards the records again when he attributes the present drab monotony of male attire to the fact that "this is an era of machine production." But to confute Mr. BAX, though that may be a by-result of considering the question, is less our object than to allay those qualms of the male conscience conjectured above.

If the modern man feels, as we lieve he often does, that he is rather slavish in the uniformity of his "vestural tissue" and somewhat neglectful of his decorative opportunities, we would console him with a reminder that he is sacrificing a lower independence to a higher in this matter; and that if something may be lost to art thereby, something is also gained.

In the first place, his uniform dress is not due to anything so banausic as the prevalence of machinery; it has a most honorable political origin. It comes to him in direct descent from the Puritans, the Quakers and the French Revolution. Those great names indicate the factors which finally banished aristocratic and military gewgaws and vanities from the male garb and reduced it to the severe, economic simplicity of to-day. When he walks abroad in his manhood comparatively unadorned he may expand his chest with a legitimate democratic pride. His whole appearance, plain though it be, is a declaration of independence toward the ancien regime.

Secondly, it may well be argued that this simplicity is consonant with the truest dignity of the male. In earlier times man vied with woman in seeking adventitious aids to beauty. He would put the whole stuffing of a mattress into his "peascod bellied doublet," or his "bombasted trunk hose." He would wear jewels in his hat, lace around his throat, a must on his hands. He invaded the entire female territory of finery and occupied the larger part of it. PEPTS notes his "layings out for clothes for myself and wife" as follows: For her about £12, and for myself £55 or thereabouts, having made myself a velvet cloak, two new cloth skirts, a new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs, and many other things: being resolved, henceforward," as he obscurely adds, "to go like myself."

Nowadays the male is less dependent

snappy incisive song, as I used to hear on artificial decoration. He is still, it is alleged, the wooer, but he scorns the borrowed plumes of a more effeminate civilization. He bravely accepts the formidable task of being handsome in spite of his clothes, or at least without any aid from them to speak of. This is self-reliant, surely, and intellectual and healthy, inasmuch as it leads him to put all to the touch on his natural physique, or failing that, on the charms of his mind.

add that here in the East the catbird Then, again, this effacement and neutrality of dress is not without authetic advantages, both positive and negative. It saves us presumably from some of the chimeras of old fashion plates, if from nothing worse. Moreover, if "the nude is the truly beautiful," the modern male garb certainly sticks closer to the lines of the body than the costume of any previous civilized epoch. And then, to come to what we esteem a yet more important consideration, it has the vast merit of heightening by contrast the degorative essays of the modern female. Instead of grossly outshining his womankind in fripperies, the male of to-day, more genuinely gallant, offers his plain person as an effective foil to their variegated splendors. Thereby the woman's mesthetic effects are indubitably enhanced, and the man's evening dress, which, according to Lord SALISBURY, no sculptor would reproduce without being "strongly tempted to commit suicide," serves at all events to throw into bold relief the fascinating if meretricious fal-de-lals of the other sex.

There is this, also, to be said for the modern man, that his sartorial makeup is in all probability due to the survival of the fittest. Not a component part of it, from "pot hat" to trousers, but is individually as old as history. Its characteristic is not innovation, but selection, and utility or convenience have worked with the other principles mentioned to determine the survivors.

Clubs as Homes.

The newest of the city's clubhouses has been designed according to the present tendency in New York club life. Several clubhouses of recent construction have living apartments for their members. It is true that this innovation has been confined mostly to clubs of a somewhat special character, whether it be technical or collegiate. Houses for clubs of a purely social nature have not been provided with living rooms except to a very limited extent. This is largely due, however, to the fact that few of the social clubs have built themselves homes since the manifestation of the present tendency to make a club a dwelling as well as a place of resort.

There is no doubt of the growth of this view during recent years. It has culminated in the construction of the new clubhouse to be built here with its forty living rooms. In these quarters members of the club may be housed permanently. The rent from this source forms an important part of the club's revenues. It contributes regularly and liberally to the support of the institution. It was with this knowledge, proved by experience, that these living rooms were included in the plans of the new clubhouse. In most cases the demand has far exceeded the available space, but the new clubhouse will have rooms enough.

This new tendency has made the the end the cosmos of asthetic taste as clubs more independent and brought revenue from a source not dreamed of a decade ago. It has rarely happened that a club restaurant more than pays its way, and considerable patronage is needed in the club that expects to derive profit from any similar sources. Restaurants are now competing more strongly every day with the club kitchens. The demand for attractive living quarters for men seems alone unsatisfied. Clubs that are also landlords will be able to be more useful to their members and avoid the financial pitfalls that beset so many of these institutions.

> ROOSEVELT alone, to hide infamy, has turned up his eyes after the manner of the saints.—Florida Times-Union. To hide whose infamy? HARRIMAN'S?

The Marvels of Magnanimity

From the Boston Evening Record. Ex-Governor Herrick of Ohio closes his letter o THE SUN on Secretary Taft's speech in the Ohio campaign of '04 by declaring he wants and will work for a Taft delegation to the '08 national convention from his own State. But a letter the gist of which is to prove that Tast did much to beat the Republicans in that campaign by his attack on Boss Cox is

The Free State of Jones. From the Washington Herald.

"We have a county down in my State," said R. C. Cromer of Mississippi, "that is known as the 'Free

'It got this curious title from the conduct of its citizens during the civil war. A great many of the people were opposed to secession and did not wish to right in the Confederate army, though they had no love for the Northerners. They only wanted to be let alone. In pursuance of this policy they held they had the same right to secede from the State of Mississippi which Mississippi had to secede from the Union. On this hypothesis the inhabitants of Jones county formally declared themselves a free giance to any outside power, and strictly neutral

as to the beliigerents in the field.
"What the State of Mississippi did to these ambi tious founders of a new sovereignty is a matter of history. A force of armed men was sent to the Free State of Jones which utterly ignored the high sounding resolutions referred to and arrested a big bunch of the rebellious natives. My recollection is that not more than thirty were hanged, but at least that many paid the penalty of trying to ecede from the State, which in this act of coe seems to have acted with a certain amount of grir

The Assassination of Queen Min. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: In the short SUN of July 19 nothing was said about resp for the assassination of Queen Min. The deed was

natigated and carried out by Japanese with thority from Tokio. While in Corea I knew an American and a Rus-sian who were officers of the Palace Guard at the time of the murder. They told me that the body.

immediately after death, was thrown by the Japanese into a bonfire built for the purpose. Hence the hatred of Japan and things Japanese among FLUSHING, L. I., July 20. The Capstone of Courage.

And cloud capped crowns of Andes crass Here stands aghest and dreads the feat That now portends. His courage flags. At last he feels that now, indeed. And so he stands with pallid face-He's going to brave Sixth avenue

At last he stands with pallid face
And falters at the task that looms,
He who has laughed at Alpine peaks.

He who has blithely scaled the cliffs

Their yawning gulfs and glacial flumes.

EFFORT AND SUFFERING.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: I accidentally missed the letter of "J. M." at the time of its appearance.

Let me now say that the writer misunder stands me if he supposes that I questioned the power of Deity to bring about its ends in the training of humanity without effort in which suffering is involved. What I said in effect was that, so far as we could see, effort, with its attendant suffering, was essential to the development of human ex-

Humanity is still in progress. This is not the end. When the end comes it will perhaps reveal the design, and the design may be one in the result of which all who have furthered it may share. We need not yet assume that all the suffering which history records has been in vain.

Our notions of Deity and creation have become more indistinct than ever since the supernatural authority of the Bible, from which they were derived, has been lost. That our social law is utilitarian I readily

admit, but is there not beyond social law a spiritual self-culture of which, in its turn, evolutionist philosophy has to take account? Let me remind you that throughout this course of letters I have been attempting, not to solve the great problems, but to help in clearing the way for their solution, especially by the deliverance of the clergy from dog-GOLDWIN SMITH.

TO SAVE THE BABIES. Perhaps a Little Common Help

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir! In scar ning the mortality reports from week to week I find that on the average about one-third of all deaths to be of children under five, and that about two-thirds of these deaths are of nfants less than a year old. During heated term the proportion of infants and children dying is still greater.

Why should we imagine that even the

brightest and in general most capable girl could, from simply getting married and having a baby, become at once the mistress of all wisdom as to the nature and needs of newwisdom as to the nature and needs of newborn infants? Young mothers have no wise teaching as to the proper management of their little ones, and it seems almost as though the middle aged and older women learn little from experience. Mothers make it a question of "playing doll" with their babies, and like the little zirl with her makebelieve baby, they try to see how much clothing they can pile on, making very little difference between summer and winter garb; and as for that we might well consider that in hot, usually overhot, rooms it is practically "summer" all the year around and consequently that these little naturally naked animals should be very lightly draped at all times except when exposed to the cold.

As it is, however, their skins are sweltered and, true breathing organs as they are, smothered, and the hotter the weather and the longer it lasts the heavier the mortality. Of course, bad food and overfeeding plays its part in this havoc. Babies are apt to be fed as freely in hot as in cold weather, although none of us at any age can digest and assimilate anything like as much food in summer as in winter; and besides this, adults as a rule use a very much modified diet in summer, having all the seasonable fruits to flit up with, and this gives grown people a great advantage over babies.

Another point: Rabies are kept too much in arms; they are not allowed enough freedom to sprawl and kick and strike out on rug and lawn, their outings being almost exclusively in the baby carriage, sitting bolt upright, an aitogether unnatural and mischievous position, and for want of enough natural exercise of arms and chest they don't half breathe, and the muffied skin doesn't breathe at all, and hence there is to a degree actual oxygen starvation.

It is of course all the worse if the living and leaving recovers and the worse if the living and leaving recovers and the worse if the living and leaving recovers and the worse if the living and leaving recovers.

It is of course all the worse if the living and sleeping rooms are too warm and insufficiently ventilated. If mothers were really wise along these lines their healthy born babes would have scarcely a higher death rate than kittens and puppies that only die from drowning. CHARLES E. PAGE, M. D. BOSTON, July 19.

Poverty Lane.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-SIF: On returning last week from a prolonged air voyage of explora SUN. After reading accounts of the most im-portant events of recent years, which, of course, had been reported to me by wireless in very laconic form, I was gratified to find that Mr. Vall had pre served every issue of your paper from January 1. 1907, to date. Opening the first volume at random I chanced upon the editorial page of July 14 and Kendrick Bangs. I then read them to Mr. Vall, who recollected having been deeply affected by their pathos at the time of publication. He insisted that I should immediately visit the Poverty Lane of to day, and made an engagement for young Mr. Mees, the well known model tenement expert, to accompany me that very afternoon. On my return I described the pleasures of my visit at such length that I fear to have exhausted Mr. Vall's patience. Such was not the case, however, for I have just received from him the following verses, which I am sending you with his permission.

NEW YORK, July 20, 1957. CONSTANT READER. POVERTY LANE REVISITED IN 1957. As I stepped in my airship with young Mr. Mees, The thermometer registered ninety degrees Then we soared like a buzzard above the ho Marked the skydock at Poverty Lane, and dropped

To that part of the city where happiness sings Its sweet song, though its name like a warning

"I'm surprised," said my friend, "you have never been here. But your Antaretic air cruise took many a year. You'll be more than astonished to see what

Have achieved in Death Alleys and Mulberry Bends. And then there's the million you sent by Marconi. When your airship was over Sterra Leone."

So we moored at the skydock of Poverty Lane. All the aerial gardens that covered each roof. For from here to the new gyrostatic railway The roofs were as blooming as Bronz Park in May.

Very near us and cov'ring a whole city square Was the "Garden Italian," perhaps the most fair Of the sights I observed on this noteworthy trip That I took in my triple expansion airship To see how the million I wired young Me Had been used to put happiness on the increase

"Look! Behold!" cried young Mees. "Don't it thrill You remember the billion old Moneybags stole! Well, his boys Tom and Dick, when the old skinfling

Built this garden with half of the wealth he'd

See the youngsters, five hundred, just let up from Each one scampers to hunt up his pet garden tool. "There's that prince of philanthropists, young Man-

ley Jones, His poor father, A. Willieboy, God rest his bones!

Had a palace in Newport, a villa in Cannes, But the life in these palaces made Manley a man, And when Pater A. Willieboy left him his stocks He erected of tenement models ten blocks. "See the Gyrostat Railway, the gift of Van Pyle It will take you for nothing to cool Coney's Isle
If you bring along bairns, so it's not less than three,

Who all look like they need the strong air of the ser If you must be so selfish you've got to atone. "That fine airship you see was but recently built By the children of miserly Peter der Gilt. It will serve as a model for fifty or more That in less than a year will to altitudes soar,

Bearing all in whose bodies dread phthisis has We feel sure they'll come down strong and healthy

again."

We were still on the skydock, the sun going down.
When the vacuum light filled the streets of the town.
I exclaimed: "It's as bright as a sunshiny day:
And just see how it fills up those rooms 'cross the "Yes," said Mees, "that's the million of gold from

your mine We've transmuted to make artificial sunshine." On the Icarus signals and lamps were alight

When she cast off and flew away home for the night.

As the crew moored her fast at my private skydock. I produced my best bottle of old special stock. Mr. Mees stood and lifted his glass up on high.
"It's to Vanity Fair we must drink, you and I." BARRY VALL

Geographical. Jaspar-I hear that Roosevelt has been camping -Who is Lloyd? I thought is

LIFE'S INVITATION.

On Some of the Possibilities of Human Existence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: A friendly correspondent commenting on my recent let ter, "The Creed of To-morrow," writes: "Since we do not know and cannot know anything whatever about God (or the Divine Energy) fail to see why we should worship at all. He closes thus: "Those of us who have apprehended the moral law-happy are we if we

obey it in our hearts and lives." Has religion then any substance or validity beyond the affirmation of the moral law? Is there possible to man any conscious relation with a power above himself?

Man's essential problem is to fit himself

to the world in which he exists. In Spencer's phrase, the success of each creature lies in adapting itself to its environment. Now man's knowledge of his environment must begin where it touches him closest. For example, a motorman's first and essential knowledge of electricity—"the juice," as he calls it—is only the practical handling of controller and brake and the various gear of his car. From that he may work up, if he can, till he knows all that Edison knows: he may go on, if his brain suffices, as far as the latest found and subtlest laws of force. Or, here is an immigrant just arrived at Ellis Island, vaguely hungry for betterment in this strange country. He may find (so I read in The Sun of July 4) an evening school where he will be taught arst the language and then the rudimentary principles of Ameri-can social life. Now he has the key; he can enter the door of livelihood, security, loyal citizenship; and he can go on just as far in intelligent comprehension and prac-tical success as his faculties will let him. Or, here is a dog with his master, the dog unimaginably different and (as we think) inferior; yet he learns so to understand his master as to obey, help, and be helped; he gets into affectionate companionship with him, and the closest tie between the higher and lower creature is that which is nobles

in both—the power of loving.

Now, how does man intelligently adjust himself to the whole world in which he stands? Suppose a spirit newly arrived from another spirit coming to full consciousness on the verge of maturity, and asking, like the immigrant; What does this dwelling place offer me, and what does it require of me?

We might tell him, first, this world invites man to put forth every faculty and offers reaponse to each. The earth will furnish food, fuel, shelter; mankind will give sympathy and society; encounters with difficulty will strengthen manhood; curiosity is lured on by boundless fields of knowledge; there are ample playgrounds; beauty, music, the ever fascinates, moral achievement-these the world offers you.

Offers you—on conditions. On condition, first, of intelligent compliance with the requirements set for each prize. If a man will not work, neither shall he eat: if he robs the soil without replenishing, earth will deny him bread; if he meets his fellows in the ing him; and so everywhere. On condition, further and especially, that the prize is offered to man in society and not in solitude; he cannot isolate himself in his quest for satisfaction; he is in debt, for good and for bad, to his ancestors, and he transmits a legacy to his descendants; the community about him affixes conditions, and he in turn must help

We are giving our young pupil a rapid course! And now we bring him to the inner gate. Among the myriad invitations and opportunities, how is he to choose? senses, the appetites, the various kinds of enjoyment, are besetting him and jostling with each other; which shall be his first and ruling choice, his "must have"? Here, too an answer awaits him; its clear working out is part of his immeasurable debt to those bygone ancestors. Briefly, certain impulses and desires are so essentially superior monitors, shining goals, the rightful law and inspiration of man's life. They are what we name the virtues-such things as truth, courage, purity, love. See what those well worn words stand for.

To conform to things as they are-to aim at reality, in thought, word and deed-that is Truth. To face willingly on good occasion pain, trouble, death—that is Courage. To hold the impulse of sex—primarily nature's great force for perpetuating life-to hold this as ministrant solely to the family relaenthood-that is Chastity. To practise good will, widening out self-regard to include family, friend, neighbor, stranger, till self is lost to be found again in a larger and sweeter whole-that is Love.

Special virtues and graces might be named along with these. The phases and names of goodness are many-fortifude, justice, ho service, patience, gentleness, tenderness, heroism; no need to catalogue the stars the spirit. One word, goodness, will do for That is the keyword for our young traveller at his entrance on the world. Per-haps to every one who finds he has really grasped that key it comes with as fresh a sense of discovery as when Columbus first gazed on the shore of Hispaniola.

This, we tell our young traveller, is what your environment primarily and chiefly means to you: boundless opportunity and invitation; always under strictest condition of obedience; always to be sought for your fellows as well as yourself; response offered to every normal taste and power; but, as the chief good of all, the practice of moral fidelity, the effort for moral perfection-and supreme that the laws of goodness and love take precedence of all other cor

This, then, is the meaning of man's environ ment where it touches him closest. his mind cannot end its quest here. The tiger seeking its prey, the bird building its may each follow the law of its kind and look no further. But man, accepting dness as his own aim and law, goes on to ask: What is the significance of the uni erse itself, and what is my relation to its interior, ruling power? The answer he has essayed to give through his religious creeds has been refined from the savage's crude personification of natural forces, up through various idealizations, till our fathers shaped their conception as an infinite beneficence wedded to infinite power; a goodness like that displayed in Jesus, but armed with the irces of omnipotence. Now, the disbelief in miracle deprives Jesus of any cre dentials other than belong to simple human goodness; and the observation of actual procedure, with the vast prevalence of suffering and wrong, seems to nullify the idea of a supreme beneficence. And so we see a pre mood of agnosticism; with sometimes a less rational but very human mood in which some lingering belief in God with no belief in His goodness prompts flered voit against a Creator who torments and mocks His creatures. Can we put aside for a moment our tradi-

tional creeds, our agnosticism hardening into denial, our passionate revolt-and try to dis ern the affirmations of human experience at its ripest and best?

general movement of the outer world, indicates some universal order or unity, traceable by us in many of its details, but inscrutable as to its interior force or final outcome. Questioning now man's inner world, we

find that the practice of moral obedien aspiration. Faithful to duty, man feels himself at home in the universe. The philosophy in which Kant interpreted conscience as God's revelation in man; the poetry in which Wordsworth addresses duty as "Stern daughter of the voice of God,"—these are expressions of a wide human experience. Without literalizing them, we may take that "peace which passeth understanding"—the peace born of duty nobly done—as the token to the faithful man that he is rightly filling his place in the universe. In some sense it is a link with the ruling power.

The disposition to correlate man's moral and spiritual nature—his fidelities and aspirations—with the interior and supreme force of the universe, is deeper than our plummet of analysis can sound. Its best example is that crucial experience in which, under supreme trial, man reverently and humbly acquiesces in the course of events, and finds peace. In the soul's Gethsemanes, the word of release is "Thy will be done. Yet this is only a supreme instance of man's true and sermal attitude—a reverent and obedient." elf at home in the universe. The philosophy

acquiescence in what without comprehending he accepte as a rightly ordered universe joined with an active discharge of the day, he recognizes as his assigned part in that order. He is content to do his part, believe ing that the final outcome is to be greater and better than he can guess.

Man's self enlarges in widening circles as he comes into sympathy with his fellows. The ties of the family, the sacramental relation of ideal friendship and love, the devotion to public service, the sympathy which is wakened in the generous heart by every human contact—these bring a realization of possibilities unguessed by the selfish and a suggestion of the realities of being beyond our sense-bounded existence.

The senses, which bring us knowledge so exact that sometimes it imposes itself as the only sure knowledge, are perceived on studious reflection to be only narrow gateways; there may be, as Lubbock has suggested, other similar gateways for other creatures; sense knowledge at the most opens to us only one aspect of the world. Such experiences of human consciousness as we call joy and sorrow, hope and fear, sin and holiness, are revealations of reality as genuine assense knowledge less definable, but more significant. As we come toward full stature do we not growingly incline to regard the spiritual world, the world of emotion, passion, purpose, aspiration, as the most real and significant sphere of our existence, to which the sense world is but veil and symbol.

The true relation of matter and spirit seems best glimpsed when in looking on the face of earth and sky we feel the existation as of some divine presence: or when a human face in some uplifted moment shines in transfiguring light.

The intellect arecognition of universal order the response of the will to the call of duriand its self-surrender before the inevitable the disclosure of spirit through the face of nature and the face of man—these are nadequate, because the reality transcends them.

It is to be added, too, that while holding this religious attitude—a

BRIDGE CARS FOR WOMEN. The Proposal Is Gallantly Supported and Hotly Resented.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: "Fairplay." who wrote a letter to THE SUN protesting against separate bridge cars for women, should have taken another name for himself. Fair play is primarily a sporting term, and the writer of the letter does not display the most sportsmanlike spirit. Such a spirit would have prompted him to give every advantage to his weaker rivals, the women, in the matter of accommodations on bridge cars during rush hours. He takes too serious a view of busi-

Not only the spirit of fair play should encourage this move for special accommodations for at this time, but also chivalry and unse Every man who is a man should by subconsciou

nstinct favor women.

I approve the customary action of New Yorkers in refusing to give up seats to idle shoppers whose time is not money, but in the rush hours the women and girls who work all day should be con-

There are always in every crowd goats who make it unpleasant for women caught with them in the crush, wherefore I for one heartily approve the motion for special accommodation women at the bridge during rush hours.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Why, oh, why, are there so many men who rush into print, as "Fairplay" (!) did in THE SUN of July 19, with illogical, narrow ideas? Would a car "for women only" be more of a discrimination than a smoking And is a woman "satisfied to do a man's work," just because she does it? If it is man's duty to upport the women, he has falled, made it a matte of necessity for women to share the burden. And herefore be satisfied with getting to it like a man Is the strength of both the same? Are the conditions equal? Are the rewards proportionate? If why should not the weaker vessels be favored?

NEW YORK, July 19. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: I take my hat off to "Fairplay" after reading his letter in THE SUN relative to the suggestion that cars should be run across the bridge during rush hours "for women only." Why not make the men walk across

Talk about "women's rights!" What about men's rights? Expect from women in offices claiming to do men's work what is expected of men and see how many of them would quit cold. 1magine a man asking for a day off to go shopping Nomen are taking the place of men in offices. Yes. two women are taking the place of one man.

First Steel Ship.

From the London Times. We have received a letter from J. F. Lacon in which he states that a steel paddle steamer, Me Robert, was built at Birkenhead in 1857 for the Liv ingstone expedition, and that he has always been ship. This, our correspondent states, antedates the building of the ship Annie, which A. E. Seaton stated was built by Samuelson of Hull in 1864. thermore, Mr. Lacon says: "As far back as 1863 Mr. Howell called the attention of shipbuilders and engineers to the value of mild cast steel for shipbuilding and kindred purposes, and in 1855 intro-duced it as Howell's homogeneous metal. This was, Mr. Howell stated, the origin of the successful oplication of steel for ships' boilers, tubes, &c., at the use of this metal in the huil and boilers of the Ma Robert was the first instance of the app cation of steel for shipbuilding. Moreover, was also the first instance of the use for shipbuilding. ing of what is now called high tensile steel, the strength in tension of this steel being about thirty six tons a square inch, with a limit of elasticity of

Received His Love Letter After 32 Years Chippewa Falls correspondence St. Paul Pione

Boyhood's dream of love has been vividly recalled to Ole Haugen of Stanley by the receipt of a letter from a girl whom he admired when he was a box in Norway, and who returned his affection. the letter was written, however, Mr. Haugen has married and reared a family, and its sweet phrases now meet with nothing more than a response

The letter was addressed to Mr. Haugen at Mina titlin, Mexico, where the addressee went when he was eighteen years old. It is dated Lavirk, Noway, November 18, 1875. Since the letter was make Haugen has visited South America and n business. The letter had lain way and has returned to Stanley, where he is no til recently, when it was sent back to Norway and from there forwarded to Mr. Haures at his present address.

Five Generations Living.

From the Bangor Datty News.

That Bowdoinham people are long lived is proved by one family in town where five generations of the Stockman family still live, all of them in The two young children of Sidney Stockman

form the fifth generation, their great-great-great-mother being Mrs. Steven Williams; her daughte Mrs. Artemus Mead, better known by her form name, Mrs. Jesse Stockman, is the great-grand nother of the children, and Mrs. Mead's son, W lam Stockman, is the grandfather, while Sidner Stockman is the father of the bables, who are es ceptionally bright and interesting and bid fair prove fitting descendants of this family tree. It is said that Bowdoinham is the only town in ... country, if not in the State, where such an